### Theatrical 3 Fraternal

"WE UNS OF TENNESSEE."

Lee Arthur's beautiful love story, "We Uns of Tennessee," will open a three days' engagement at the Jacques this evening. The play has met with widespread popular favor in all the large eastern cities, meeting with the approval of critics on all sides. The scenic effects are elaborate and charming, the costumes quaint and most artistic, and the company one of all round excellence. That "We Uns" has hit the popular taste very hard cannot be gainsaid; every act has a stirring climax and the interest is never allowed to flag until the final curtain The story is a simple one, but it is so graphically told by the excel-lent company engaged in its portrayal that it becomes intensely interesting and charming and sends the audience away entirely satisfied. It will undoubtedly prove very attractive and popular with patrons of the Jacques.

#### "ARIZONA."

Augustus Thomas's great play, "Arizona," which New Yorkers have been crowding the Herald Square theater to see during the last three months, will be presented to-morrow evening at Poli's. The play, which is a comedy drama, is said to be, in its stage pictures and architecture, an absolute novelty. The artists who created the scenic investiture of "Arizona," made a trip out to the



picturesque southwestern territory for the purpose of sketching "from life" the bits of Aravaipa Valley landscape and architecture which Mr Thomas and his artistic mentor. Frederick Remington, insisted upon as the only possible enframement for the dramatic The Mexican Axtee architecture of dull-timed adobe and brilliant red tiles, the formal rectangular bits from Fort Grant army post, are characteristic of Arizona, possibly of New Mexico, but certainly of no other locality on the face of the earth. In addition to elaborate and correct stage enframement, "Arizona" is played by a strong cast, and there is not a particle of doubt of its being a very attractive performance. Seats went on

#### MEETINGS TO-NIGHT.

Naturalists' club. Concordia rehearsal. Nutmeg lodge, P. of A Court America, F. of A. Mantow council, I. O. H. Hellmann Advance drum corps. Waterbury Debating club. Liberty lodge, A. O. U. W. Townsend lodge, I. O. O. F. Waterbury Medical society. Waterbury council, C. B. L. Continental lodge, F. and A. M. Lady Trumbull council, D. of L. Abraham Lincoln camp, S. of V. Washington conclave, K. S. of A. St Francis Xavier drum corps. Magnolia lodge, K. of P. Court Cecilia M. Quigley, I. O. F. Hendricken council, K. of C. Arbutus camp, W. of W. Patrick Sarsfield club. Painters and Decorators. Friendly league, English branches, physical culture, dressmaking,

COMING EVENTS.

Poli's, December 13.-Odd Fellows' Turn hall, December 14-Waterbury Social club's sociable.

City hall, December 16-Grand sacred concert. Speedwell hall, December 18-Broadway Social club's sociable.

Carter's hall, Waterville, Dec 8. American Pin company's fire department sociable and dance.

Speedwell hall, December 27-Waterbury association football club's dance. Armory, New Year's eve, December

31-Company G's lance, Leavenworth hall, New Year's eve, December 31-French Canadian Insti-

St Patrick's Lyceum hall, January 19 to February 4, 1901-Fair. edwell hall, January 19-Waterbury Button Co's dance.

"Leaves have their time to fall And flowers to wither at the north wind's

-Mrs. Hemans.

Leaves, not green, but gray and gold, Fall and fleck the faded grass; Morn and eve the wind is cold— Summer days are gone, alas!

Gone, the fields of fragrant corn-Gone, the orchard's gleam and glow; In the lane the aspens mourn At the coming of the snow!

Amber, pearl and purple leaves Sadly fall 'neath sullen skies; Sadly fall, while nature grieves-

Sadly close their fleeting lives!

How they flutter from the trees, Like a flock of frightened birds; and are driven by the breeze, Like the blizzard-driven herds!

Low they lie in somber shadeow, crimson, orange, green; mn's opals set in jade— umn's scenic, closing scene!

chel-like, the mother tree ceps for her dead babies, sweet; —a tearful Niohe— er slain children at her feet! avid James Evans, in Washington

#### 3だりだりだりだりだりだりだりだりだり THE STURGIS WAGER A DETECTIVE STORY.

By EDGAR MORETTE. Copyright, 1899, by Frederick A. Stokes Co. JUNESES WOMEN WARRED WOLLD

CHAPTER XX.

THE LEAD-LINED VAT. Sprague seated himself upon the long pine box: and Sturgis, dropping into the only chair, began his narrative. As he talked, he carelessly whittled the cover of the wooden box with the knife which he still held in his Land. He began with an account of his investigation at the Knickerbocker bank, and explained the result of his observations and inferences down to the time of his visit to Murdock's house, omitting, however, to mention any of the names of the actors in the reconstruct, ed drama.

"So you see," he concluded, "we have established the identity of the body in the cab, and of the young man who disappeared after the cab was upset. But one of the most salient features of the case, from the start, was the fact that neither of these two men had derived much, if any, pecuniary profit from his crime. The bookkeeper, as we have seen, was a mere cat'spaw in the control of the accountant, and his posthumous confession has given us the explanation of the power exerted over him by his accomplice. It was not so easy to establish the motive which controlled the actions of the accountant, who was himself only a tool in the hands of a higher intelli- fore." gence. The deus ex machina of this crime is a man of genius who has hardly appeared upon the scene at all, but

whose traces I have found at every turn. He was the brains of the whole scheme: the other men in his hands were mere puppers. Through the accountant, this master spirit managed the bookkeeper; and the accountant himself was controlled by him more directly, but no less surely. If he held the former through his fear of expo-

crime. This would have been extreme-

ly awkward, since the accountant was

connection with the case would be dis-

aware. In the first place, the account-

far worse-conspicuously marked. A

man who carries his arm in a sling can

cially when this distinguishing mark

is accompanied by another equally

brilliant red hair-"

accountant's name?"

hours ago."

"Suicide?"

rays."

to listen.

whisper: "murder."

name is Thomas Chatham.'

young man came to his mind.

last by Sprague, who asked:

"Has he escaped?"

"What do you mean?"

"What is it? A bullet?"

Sturgis hesitated.

There was a brief silence, broken at

"That depends upon how we look at

tled. "But how do you know that?"

"This lump of lead tells the story,"

"Yes; the bullet which Chatham car-

by step, from his flight from the over-

to his death in this very room; the

bullet whose peculiar shape is record-

ed in this shadow picture taken by

Thurston by means of the Roentgen

So saying, he handed Sprague the

photograph. But the artist had ceased

"In this very room?" he mused aloud,

"Yes. The story is simple enough.

The man whose instrument Chatham

was is not one who would care to be

lumbered up with tools, which become

positively dangerous as soon as they

cease to be useful. This man, totally

unhampered by pity, gratitude or fear,

determined to destroy the accountant, whose discovery might have imperiled his own welfare. What mattered a

human life or two, when weighed

against the possible loss of his own

life or liberty, or of his high social standing and his enormous wealth; for this man is both renowned and rich,

looking about him with awe.

other. Moreover, he is too shrewd to make frequent use of this death chamber. That does well enough as a last resort, when he is obliged to commit sure and consequent ruin, he influenced the murders with his own hands; but the latter through even more potent I suspect that this man has other motives. He is the father of a beauti- agents like Chatham, who do the ful girl, whom he did not scruple to dirty work for him and then quietly use as a decoy. The price agreed upon | ship the bodies here for annihilation, for the accountant's assistance was the as it was intended should be done hand of this daughter, for whom the with Arbogast's. Ah! yes; I thought young man had doubtless conceived a | so. You are sitting upon one of these passionate love. Whether or not the bodies now." Sprague started to his feet; and. leader would have had the power to earry out his part of the contract matters little; for it is highly probable that

following the direction in which Sturgis was pointing with his open knife, he never had the slightest intention of he vaguely discerned, through the so doing. He evidently realized very opening which the reporter had whitearly in the game that the bookkeeper tled, a small surface of what had could not long escape the clutches of once been the features of a human the law. But as he had taken every being.

and he appears to have prought whole-

"Do you mean to say that wholesale

"Yes; when it is done in the system-

atic and scientific manner that has been

employed here. For this murderer is

the most remarkable criminal of mod-

ern times. He has not been satisfied

with killing his victims; he has suc-

ceeded in completely wiping then out

of existence. Criminals have often at-

tempted to destroy the bodies of their

victims, but they have never before suc-

ceeded as this man has. He is a chem-

ist of remarkable talent, and he has

discovered a compound in which bone

as well as human tissue is rapidly and

totally dissolved. There it is in yon-

der tank. See how completely the

liquid has destroyed the bone handle

It has entirely disappeared; this flat-

tened bullet alone is left, lead being

one of the few substances which are

not soluble in the contents of the

Presently Sprague ventured to say:

"If numerous crimes have been com-

mitted here, as you intimate, I do not

understand how it is that suspicion

"The author of these crimes has

has never rested on this house be-

taken every precaution to render the chance of discovery quite remote. His

dwelling-house on one street, and the

bogus Chemical company on the other,

are in communication through this

underground passage, while appar-

ently having no connection with each

tank. Fortunately he overlooked that

fact. Genius has its lapses."

on which the artist was seated.

murder can be indulged in with im-

punity in a city like New York, at the end of the nineteenth century?" asked

sale murder to a science."

Sprague, aghast.

of this knife."

precaution to prevent him from know-After gazing for some minutes in ing anything of his very existence, the horror-stricken silence at the distortfate of the unfortunate bookkeeper ed face, the artist asked in a low would have mattered lettle to this voice: heartless villain, had not the probabil-

"How did Chatham meet his death?" ity remained that, when brought to "I don't know yet," answered Sturbay, the bookkeeper would denounce gis, gravely; "this man is no ordinary the accountant's connection with the criminal. His work is clean and leaves no blood-stains and no disorder to tell of its accomplishment. He very likely in possession of some dantakes life with his own hands only gerous secrets. The safest way out of when he is forced to do so; but, when the difficulty was to quietly suppress he does, his method is masterly. It the now useless bookkeeper. This plan was easier to make away with Chatwas decided upon, and would doubtless ham than to pay him the price agreed have been carried into execution, had upon for his complicity in the Knicknot fate otherwise decreed. After the erbocker bank embezzlement; and so bookkeeper's death, under the circum- his life was taken. I hope to discove: stances which I have related, it became how before I leave here.

quite probable that the accountant's Sprague started as the ceased speaking. covered; for luck had been against "The price of his complicity?" he him from the start, and he became claimed, laying his hand upon Sturgis' more and more entangled in the chain

arm and looking earnestly into his of circumstantial evidence of whose existence his leader was soon fully "Yes," replied the reporter, steadily meeting his friend's gaze, "his ent was wounded; and thus not only partially disabled, but also-what is

daughter's hand. Sprague looked away from the honst eyes of the reporter, as if he dreaded to read in them the answer

hardly fail to attract attention, espeto his next question. "Who is this flend incarnate, who is willing to traffic in his own flesh glaring one in the form of a head of and blood, and with whom murder is

"Hold on, Sturgis!" interrupted "The man who is capable of these Sprague, who had been listening with crimes, and of any others which growing interest; "don't you know the might serve to remove an obstacle from his way is-"

"Yes," replied the reporter; "his The reporter did not finish his sentence. He suddenly grasped his com-"Thomas Chatham!" exclaimed panion by the arm and stood trans-Sprague, as the image of the miserable fixed, his eyes dilated, his neck craned in a listening attitude, every muscle "Yes," replied Sturgis, answering his tense like those of a wild animal in thought, "the man you met only a few ambush about to spring upon its approaching prey.

Presently a click was heard as though a bolt had been shot from its

"Draw your revolver!" Sturgis whispered hoarsely to his companion.

it," he said, gravely, at length; "he has 'Quick!-Look there!" paid the penalty of his crimes." At the same time he drew his own weapon and pointed in the direction "He is dead," answered the reporter. of the door at the head of the stairs.

"Dead? But I tell you I saw him-" The door opened and a man entered, "I know; but he has died since." quietly smoking a cigar. "Dr. Murdock!" exclaimed Sprague "No:" the reporter's voice sank to a with horror. Murdock, still holding the door ajar,

"Murder?" repeated the artist, stareyed the two men for an instant, his impassive face betraying not the slightest sign of emotion. Then, taksaid Sturgis, holding up the shapeless ing his eigar from his lips: piece of metal which he had taken out "Ah, gentlemen," he drawled, in his

ironical way, "I am delighted to see you. I trust you will make yourselves perfectly at home for a few minutes. ried in his arm from the time that he shall return directly. You can conwas wounded by Arbogast, the bullet tinue to work out your little probwhich has enabled me to trace him step lem in the meantime, Mr. Sturgis." With these words he calmly turned turned cab to Dr. Thurston's and finally

to leave the room. "Stop!" shouted Sturgis, leveling his revolver at Murdock's head; "stand where you are or I fire!"

The reporter's shot rang out almost before he had finished his sentence; but Murdock, unscathed, passed out of the room, closing the door behind

Sprague, dazed by the rapidity with which this scene had been acted, stood rooted to the spot, without having made any attempt to use the revolver which he had drawn at Sturgis' bid-

The reporter sprang up the stairs and threw his weight against the door. But it was doubtless intended to withstand great shocks, for it remained unshaken.
"Check!" came the sound of a mock-

ing voice from the other side of the Then, rushing down the stairs again, Sturgis shouted to his com-

"Come quick! We must get out of

here!" And he led the way through the subterranean passage toward the cellar of the Manhattan Chemical com-

CHAPTER XXI. THE DEATH CHAMBER.

Before the men had gone many steps a grating sound reached their ears from the direction of the skylight. They looked up and saw sliding steel shutters slowly and ponderously close, like grim jaws; and sud-denly they felt themselves cut off from the outside work.
Sturgis, taking up his lighted can-

dle, made his way to the door of the suoterranean passage and tried in vain to open it; the heavy iron bolt remained immovable in its socket. Inch by inch he scrutinized the door with growing anxiety. At last he abandoned the search and returned in the direction of the square chamber.

Sturgis, after showing the damaged "That explains why he wanted to knife to his companion, resumed his shut me in here when I was in his whittling upon the cover of the box office." he muttered under his breath. "What is the matter?" asked "Chatham's body has been dissolved Sprague. in that tank within a very short time.

"We are caught like rats in a trap," replied Sturgis. Then with feeling he added: "I do not know how this will end, old man. I have bungled, and I fear the game is lost. If our lives are the forfeit, you will owe your death to my stupidity."

Sprague looked at his friend, as if surprised to hear him apparently abandon the fight.

"Don't worry about me," he said, kindly; "I came here of my own free will. But," he added, as a vision of Agnes Murdock flashed upon his mind, I have no intention to die just yet, if I can help it. Are we not both ablebodied men and armed? What can one man do against two?"

"It is not an open fight," said Sturgis, "but I am glad to see your spirit. I do not give up; but I want you to realize that we are in a critical situation, with the odds enormously against

"Why, what can Murdock do?" "Perhaps what he did to Chatham. It will probably not be long before we discover what that was."

"But there must be some way of opening that door from the inside,"

said Sprague. doors from the outside by electrical

connection." The men were back in the square chamber. Sturgis' eyes were roving restlessly over the walls, ceiling and

floor in search of a loophole of escape. "There is no chance to reach the skycould reach it, we should be no fur- PLACE. ther advanced, as it would be impossible to make any impression on the the tube. If it connects with the Manhattan Chemical company's office, there is a bare chance that we may attract the attention of the detectives whom we left there."

"As we were saying, Mr. Sturgis-" The words came in Murdock's mock-

ing tones. Sturgis quickly held the lighted candle above his head and peered in the direction whence came the sound. A panel of the door at the head of the stairs had been pushed up, revealing a small opening, covered by a strong and closely-woven wire netting.

Mr. Sturgis' usual practice to use so vague a term. A lifetime is not necessarily a very long time, Mr. Sturgis."

We use the same of the s

"As we were saying, 'murder will out!' Nevertheless, it is sometimes easier to weld a chain, even of circumstantial evidence, than it is to prediet who will be bound in it."

Sturgis and Sprague stood in the y watching the glowing eyes behind

glimmering light of the candle, silentthe screen.

"Mr. Sturgis, you are a clever man," bontinued Murdock, "an uncommonly clever man. I frankly admit that I had underrated your ability. But then we are all fallible, after all. I made my share of blunders, as you seem to have discovered; but you will doubtless now concede that your own course has not been entirely free from errors. And now that we have reached the conclusion of this interesting game, I have the honor to announce: 'Mate in one move!' Perhaps you are surprised that I should take the trouble to explain the situation to you so clearly. I do so in recognition of your superior intelligence. I see in you a peer. If matters could have been so arranged, I should have been proud to work in harmony with such a man as you; and indeed, when a short time ago I invited you to my laboratory, it was my intention to offer you a compromise which I hoped I might be able to persuade you to ac cept. I felt that you would prove an ally who could be trusted. But, alas that is impossible now, on account of your friend's presence. With all due respect to Mr. Sprague, as an amiable man of the world and a prince of good fellows, it may be said that he is not one of us. Much to my sorrow, therefore, I am left no alternative to the course I am about to adopt. The fault, if anybody's, is your own, after all, Mr. Sprague. There is a homely but expressive adage concerning the danger of 'monkeying' with a buzz saw. Why my dear friend, did you 'monkey' with Mr. Sturgis' buzz saw, instead of sticking to your palette and maulstick?

"But I fear I am growing garrulous gentlemen. If I had time, I should like to explain to Mr. Sturgis the details of some of the more important, and, in my humble opinion, more brilliant schemes of which I have been the-ah -the promoter; for I dislike to be judged by the bungling operations which have so nearly caused me to lose this latest little game. But this cannot be. I shall have to continue to confide to the pages of my journal, as I have done for years, the interesting events of, I may say, a somewhat remarkable career, which I hope will some day, after my death, find their way in print to public favor. My dream has always been that some such man as Mr. Sturgia might ultimately edit these memoirs; but, alas, the fondest of human dreams are seldom destined

"Now, then, gentlemen, before finally parting with you, I wish to honorably carry out the terms of my wager with Mr. Sturgis. I concede the fact that, to all intents and purposes, he has won the bet, and I authorize you, Mr. Sprague, as stakeholder, to pay him the amount I deposited with you,

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FOR LADIES—A Coat, Cape, Jacket or Suit, which our cut prices put within reach of all.

Fine Furs, Boas, Collarettes, etc. Manufacturer says must sell; you bene fited.

Dress Goods, all new, in lengths suitable for dress, skirt or waist or children's dresses; one-half the usual

Ladies' fine Mercerized Petticoats, splendid goods, well made, with ru ffle and accordion plaining, 98c, worth \$1.25.

One lot Ladies' Shirt Walsts, made of fine Wool Cashmere, somewhat broken in assortment, have been \$2, rou can have them at 75c. The grandest assortment of Handkerchiefs for Ladies. Men and Children we have ever shown.

> MEN WILL FIND A Splendid Line of

### Silk Mufflers 50c to \$2.50.

CARDIGAN JACKETS, \$1.50 TO \$3,50, SWEATERS, \$1.50 TO \$3,50.

Nice warm Uunderwear, the greatest assortment in Waterbury, ten different kinds, at 50. Double and single breasted, Scotch wool, fleecy lined, etc. Good heavy Woolen Gloves, 25c to \$1.

FOR EVERYBODY-BLANKETS. COMFORTABLES, FLANNELS, APRONS, ETC. UMBRELLAS BY THE THOUSAN DS. Best makers, choice handles, 59c to \$5

DOLLS in great variety; our own special importation; the best makers.

### SURPRISE TO LADIES.

Electric Scal Jackets for \$20.00 to \$25.00. 

"There evidently is none," replied BECAUSE OUR FURRIERS ARE NOT ON STRIKE, BUT EVER Sturgis; "he probably controls these READY TO MAKE YOUR OLD FUR GARMENTS INTO THE LATEST FASHIONS. WE WILL MAKE YOU A LATEST STYLE JACKET

FROM YOUR OLD CAPE, TO LOOK AS GOOD AS NEW. WE CARRY A FULL LINE OF IMPORTED AND DOMESTIC RAW

AND FINISHED FURS. CALL AND INVESTIGATE OUR LARGE ASSORTMENT OF light without a ladder; and even if we CAPES, SCARFS, COLLARETTES AND ANIMALS. DON'T MISS THE

### steel shutters. That leaves the register and the speaking tube. While I examine the register, suppose you try the tube. If it connects with the Man-118 South Main Street,

OPPOSITE SCOVILL STREET. - - - - WATERBURY, CONN.

DAY, DEC 10, 11 and 12.

The New York American Theater Suc-

A BEAUTIFUL PLAY

10 and 20 cents. Sale of seats Satur-

TUPSDAY EVENING, DECMBER 11

Augustus Thomas's Big New York

As played for Three Months at the

Herald Square Theater, New York.

Given by

ANSANTAWAE ENCAMPMENT,

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POLI'S THEATER,

Seventy People-Best Artists and

Decided Hit

Is what the NEW dances taught by

Prof. Bailey are making with the pu-

ty and graceful, so they say. To new beginners we teach the Waltz and

ners' classes, and guarantee perfect

may say you can "pick it up."

success, especially if you have never

ATARRH OF THE THROAT, LUNGS.

Blood Poison, Chronic Sores, Ulcers,

Skin Diseases Permanently

DR. SARGOOD,

90 NORTH MAIN STREET.

idence embracing all the artistic and

will bring happiness to its possessor.

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Marches, Etc.

Singers in the City-Excellent

Costumes - Grand Tableaux,

Success.

Prices, 15, 25, 35, 50 cents. Matinee,

OF THE SOUTH.

DOLI'S THEATER.

As I have already suggested, he has JACQUES OPERA HOUSE made some perhaps eventsable mismade some perhaps excusable mistakes; but, then, as he himself stated MONDAY. TUESDAY, WEDNES the other night, 'a detective has a lifetime in which to correct a blunder.' A lifetime! It is not in accordance with

During this tirade Sturgis and Sprague had remained standing with their eyes fixed upon the gleaming carbuncles which peered at them from behind the grated peephole at the top of the stairs. The artist seemed to real ize that the fight was lost. His attitude was that of a brave man accepting with calm despair, an unpleasant but inevitable doom. The reporter had drawn his revolver at the first sound of Murdock's voice, but had immediately returned it to his pocket upon realizing that the chemist was protected by a bullet-proof grating. Now, pale and collected, he remained inscrutable. It was impossible, even for the sharp eyes of Murdock, to determine whether

he was at last resigned to his fate, or whether his active mind was still on Sale of seats Monday, December 10. the alert for a loophole of escape. The bit of candle which he held in his hand had burned so low that at last he was unable to hold it without risk of burning his fingers. Whereupon he coolly set it down upon the stone floor, where presently the wick fell over into a pool of molden paraffine, and the flame sputtered noisily, sending fitful

gleams through the darkness. (To be Continued.)

#### OUT OF THE ORDINARY.

The office of the late Robert E. Lee, formerly president of Washington and Lee university at Lexington, Va., has been kept precisely as he left it. No one has been allowed to disturb a book

For 50 years former Senator Bradbury, of Maine, has lived in one house pils in the advanced class. Very pretat Augusta. He is now 98 years old, and attends personally to an extensive correspondence. He sat in the senate with Webster, Clay, Benton and Cal-

Efforts of various patriotic societies to raise funds with which to purchase deed, very poor advice. Dancing is and preserve the old home of President Polk, in Nashville, Tenn., have than music. Terms 85 and 86. failed and the mansion is to be demolished. It is to be replaced by an apartment house.

### Commission Men

And dealers in perishable goods generally.

The subscribers are prepared to accept proposals for space in their

Cold storage Warehouse To be completed in early

THE Hellmann Brewing Co.,

Waterbury, Conn. TELEPHONE 310,

### GAS TO BURN FOR ALL PURPOSES.

GAS ENGINES, any desired power. GAS STOVES, for cooking or heat-

GAS BURNERS, all approved kinds.

All most cheerfully shown, and all information and estimates cheerfully imparted to all who will call.

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### A Man Is Hard To Please

When it comes to laundering. He knows how his shirts, collars and cuffs him on that point. We do not try to fool our customers. We give them conscientious labor, and the result is laundering absolutely free from blem-

ish. Regular laundry prices. Davis' Steam Laundry

17 CANAL STREET.

Branch Office, 67 Grand St.

## BLUE FISH

10 Cents lb. SEA TROUT. Long Island Clams and Scallops and

a Large Variety of Other Kinds of Fish. Fulton Fish Market,

Cor. North Main and North Elm Sts. Grand Minstrels To the Board of County Commission-

ers for New Haven County: I hereby apply for a license to sell spirituous and intoxicating liquors, ale, ager beer. Rhine wine and cider, at 452 North Main street, town of Water-My place of business is not lobury. CHURSDAY EVENING, DEC 13. cated within 200 feet in a direct line of a church edifice or public school house, or the premises pertaining thereto, or any postoffice or public library.

HENRY F. BRUNS, Applicant. Dated at Waterbury this 12th day ADMISSION...... 25c to 75c of November, A. D. 1900. We, the undersigned electors and axpayers as defined by law of the own of Waterbury, hereby endorse the application of the above named for ch license: G. Schmidt Jacob Sin-

gle Bernard Eak, M. F. Carmody, F. Faith. Dated at Waterbury, this 12th day

of November, A. D. 1900. Two-Step principally in strictly begin- To the Board of County Commission-

ers for New Haven County: I hereby apply for a license to sell taken lessons. Your overwise friends spirituous and intoxicating liquors, ale, lager beer, Rhine wine and cider, at 147 Baldwin street, town of Waterno more correctly acquired in that way bury. My place of business is not located within 200 feet in a direct line of a church edifice or public school house, or the premises pertaining thereto, or any posteffice or public library.

SIMON F. KEMMIE, Applicant. Dated at Waterbury, this 20th day of November, A. D. 1900.

We, the undersigned electors and taxpayers as defined by law of the town of Waterbury, hereby endorse the application of the above named for such license: Daniel C. Sullivan, Thomas Ferris, John Egan, Eugene Murphy, Robert Sheehan, Dated at Waterbury, this 20th day f November, A. D. 1900.

